

Dream Poem # 1

I was driving north
In Canada
in a bus full of different friends from my life
was going north to fish
and I stopped along a huge lake
when we saw pieces of debris
hitting the water ...
We watched ... it was a plane, about to crash ...
It wobbled and struck the water next to the shoreline ...
I took off a heavy wool coat, my arms getting stuck
in the sleeves ...
Lloyd Villet, a school friend,
followed me ...
We swam to where the plane should be
dove down, the water warm,
lifted the craft by the tips of the wings,
took it up to the road ...
It was suddenly diminished ... the size of a toy ...
I opened it and took out three tiny figures -- a man
and two little boys ... they were pink like plastic ...
I pushed their small stomachs, water came out their mouths
I breathed air down their throats, they became smaller ...
They woke, lay wriggling in my hand
like baby mice ...

Dream Poem # 6

We're going to church, my father said,
All of us before it's too late ...
And we dressed and waited
and he took a bottle of whisky from the closet
and drank from a shot-glass, one, two, three,
until it was empty ...
His face was red, he was sick ...
I said we can't go
we have to stay home ...
But he wouldn't listen
to anybody ...

Dream Poem # 8

We walked a long way, my brother and I,
to fish a mountain lake ...
When we got there the water was shallow
and lay in a huge flat atop a ridge ...
My grandmother was there, alive again ...
She built a fire and waited to fry our catch ...
One I caught was small but grew larger as it